Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcallieſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethe trouble mee no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counſell rated mee the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, in the ſtreet too.

Prince. Thou didſt well: for Wiſedome cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regardes it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme vnto me *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, If a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better than one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life; and I wil giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome?

Prince. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, *Iacke?*

Falſ. Zounds, where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I do not, call me villaine, and Baffell me.

Prince. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purſe taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poynes.*

Poynns. Now ſhall we know if Gads hill haue ſet a match: O, if men were to bee ſaued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poines. Good morrow ſweete *Hall*. What ſayes *Mounſieur* Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir *Iohn* ſtands to his word, the Diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer a breaker of Prouerbes: hee will giue the Diuell his due.

Poines.

Poines. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had been damn'd for Coſening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at *Gads hill*, there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offrings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I haue beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in *Eaſtcheape*; we may do it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will goe, I will ſtuffe your purſes ful of crownes; if you wil not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Falſ. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Falſ. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Falſ. Ther's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou camſt not of the blood royall, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prince. Well, then once in my daies Ile be a madcap.

Falſ. Why, thats well ſaid.

Prince. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Falſ. By the Lord ile be a traitor then, when thou art King.

Prince. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him down ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhal go.

Falſ. Wel, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, & him the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt may moue & what he heares may be beleeued, that the Prince, may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe theef; for the poore abuſes of the time want countenance: farewell, you ſhal find me in *Eaſtcheap*.

Pri. Farewel the latter ſpring, farewell Alhollown ſummer.

Poy. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieaſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falſtaffe*, *Harvey*, *Roſsill*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhal rob thoſe men that we haue already way-laid; your ſelfe and I, will not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

Prince.